THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL

POEMS ON STRUGGLE & SURVIVAL

RAJARAO PAGIDIPALLI

/PAGIDIPALLI

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The Other Side of the Wall, written by RajaRao Pagidipalli, —it is a testimony carved in truth. It speaks of lives forced into shadows, of voices silenced before they could sing, of dignity stripped away and trampled. Yet, within these lines also burns a stubborn flame—the courage that refuses to die, the resilience that rises from ashes, the hope that insists on being heard.

Foreword

In the quiet corridors of history, where suffering hides in silence and injustice carves scars into generations, this collection was born. I am Raja Rao Pagidipalli—an activist, a witness, and above all, a human being who cannot turn away from the unyielding grip of caste on our society. The Other Side of the Wall is not just a gathering of poems; it is a testimony. It speaks of lives pushed into shadows, of voices denied, of dignity stolen—yet also of courage that refuses to be extinguished.

These verses rise from the echoes of Ambedkar's revolution and the raw wounds of everyday atrocities. They carry the weight of real bodies and broken dreams—the scavenger bending under filth, the woman silenced at the threshold of power, the child locked away from dignity. And yet, within this weight, there flickers defiance. There is always a twist—a whisper that grows into thunder, a refusal to let silence be the final word.

This book is divided into five chapters, each holding ten poems, each chapter a step deeper into the journey:

1. *Shadows of the Past – Tracing the roots of caste, untouchability, and early defiance.*
2. *Personal Chains and Pain – Stories of birth, gender, labor, and everyday survival.*
3. *Illusions of Justice – Unmasking the failures of laws, democracy, and institutions.*
4. *Modern Struggles and Exploitation – From pandemics to poverty, linking the local to the global.*
5. *Rising Flames of Resistance – Songs of defiance, unity, and the dream of equality.*

In 2025, as the world still grapples with inequality and exclusion, these poems are not laments alone—they are calls. Calls to see, to feel, to act. Calls to dismantle the invisible walls that divide us. If these words can spark one question, one dialogue, one act of justice, then their purpose is fulfilled.

On the other side of the wall lies freedom. May we all have the courage to walk there together.

— Raja Rao Pagidipalli

Acknowledgements

This book is dedicated with deepest love and gratitude to the memory of my late father, Shri Sundar Rao Pagidipalli. My father's life was a lesson in resilience, kindness, and dignity. Born into struggle, he rose with determination, carrying not only his own dreams but also the silent hopes of those who had little. He taught me that compassion is strength, and that service to others is the truest measure of success. His untimely passing in 2009 left an emptiness that words can never fully describe, yet his values continue to light my path.

The poems in this collection, though written out of pain and protest, are also born from the foundation of empathy and courage that he instilled in me. When I write of oppression, I hear his quiet insistence on justice. When I write of survival, I see his tireless struggle to lift his family out of poverty. And when I write of dignity, I remember how he treated every person—regardless of caste or circumstance—with respect and humanity.

To my father, whose memory is the heartbeat of this work: I owe every word, every breath of resistance, and every flame of hope. This book is as much his as it is mine.

— RajaRao Pagidipalli

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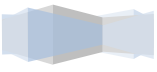
Poem 1: Voices from the Shadows

I watch the years, the chains etched deep in skin,
Where knowledge was forbidden, and hope wore thin,
Buddha's words whispered of a world unbound,
Yet centuries of caste kept justice underground,
And silence roared where cries should have been.

Poets sang, saints rebelled, flames of truth alight,
Kabir, Ravidas, voices piercing the night,
Phule opened doors where walls once confined,
Ambedkar burned the chains that fate had signed,
A revolution of minds, yet still the fight.

But I see the spark in young eyes rise and gleam,
Dalit Panthers roar, reclaiming every dream,
The past's oppression cannot cage this flame,
The world may stumble, but they will stake their claim,
And history bends to the courage that dares to scream.



Poem 2: Shackled by Shadows

I watch a nation chained by ancient lies,
varna's venom stitched in sacred guise.
Born into bars no crime could earn,
children of earth condemned to burn,
heritage twisted into a noose that ties.

Denied the wells, the schools, the land,
forced to serve with calloused hand.
Their hunger fed on scraps of scorn,
their graves apart, their spirits torn—
I ache at cruelty so neatly planned.

Yet whispers rise where silence bled,
to break the script the scriptures spread.
Not caste but courage remains,
when fields of justice uproot old chains,
and I dare to dream the oppressor's dread.

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Poem 3: My Caste Is My Chain

From Manusmriti's ink my sentence was made,
leather, carcass, blood—my only trade,
barred from temples, markets, wells of life,
branded untouchable, born to strife,
I breathe a history carved in chains.

Gandhi called me Harijan, child of God,
but Ambedkar roared—break the rod!
laws were written, yet justice sleeps,
atrocity stalks where silence creeps,
even a tsunami washed me aside.

Politics parades in borrowed skin,
my voice drowned out by upper-caste din.
Yet from graves and garbage, my people rise,
Saaheb banners cut through lies,
the twist—my chain may forge a crown.

Poem 4: Hunger on the Fringes

I taste the tales of blood and bone,
coarse bread with salt, survival alone,
intestines, trotters, stale food for the night,
Dalit kitchens burned without light,
I chew history, bitter but mine.

Markets mocked me, temples barred,
yesterday's rotis—my only reward,
priests preached purity, satvik lies,
while my hunger carried caste's disguise,
tamasic chains forged in my gut.

Now I ask—should I shed this past,
join rajasic feasts, sit at last?
Or keep these scars on my plate,
make chefs serve what caste called hate?
The twist—my hunger may yet change the world.

Poem 5: Divided Shadows

I see the lines etched deep in soil and stone,
Ancient scripts that claim the sacred throne.
The priests, the rulers, merchants rise above,
While others linger, denied the light of love.
I walk among them, feeling each silent moan.

Land fenced, borders drawn, their rights ignored,
Hands calloused from work, yet voices unexplored.
The grazing fields, the harvests, the streams—
All stolen by history's layered schemes.
I watch, heart heavy, as oppression is restored.

Communities apart, the untouchable confined,
Their dignity stolen, their futures undermined.
A nation applauds its order, its pride, its creed,
While I witness the hunger, the pain, the need.
And I tremble, knowing justice sleeps outside their side.

Poem 6: Shadows Between the Lines

I watch the ladders of centuries rise and fall,

Priests, warriors, traders—standing proud, tall.

Beneath them, hands unseen, scraping earth and clay,

Dalits tread paths where no light finds its way.

I feel their silent cries echo through the hall.

Census pages skip their names, erase their plight,

Policies promise aid but vanish from sight.

The law speaks in gilded words, yet walls persist,

Endogamy, old beliefs, deny them what's missed.

I walk among them, heart heavy with the night.

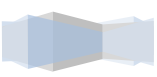
Affirmative action whispers hope, yet time lags behind,

Millions unseen, unheard, trapped in a bind.

The nation glows with progress, yet shadows remain,

I witness the injustice, the enduring pain.

And I shudder—while the world counts numbers, not lives entwined.

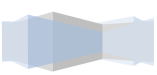


Poem 7: Shadows of the Untouchable

I walk past wells where fear marks every stone,
Hands that fetch water, yet must stand alone,
Pot on head, the earth's filth they bear,
Faces turned away, eyes void of care,
Each step a story, each breath a silent moan.

I see women bowed beneath triple chains,
Dalit, poor, oppressed where injustice reigns,
Voices crushed, yet rising through the night,
Assaults recorded, but few see the light,
Society sleeps while history stains.

Yet amidst the ash of caste and scorn,
Dreamers rise where hatred was born,
Ambedkar's words, a fire in their chest,
To shatter walls, give equality its test,
And I wonder—perhaps the broken still dare to mourn.

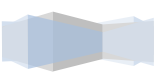


Poem 8: Shadows of the Untouched

I watch hands scraped raw in filth, unseen,
Latrines and sewers bear the weight of the unseen,
Silent cries mix with the stench of decay,
A million souls toil, unseen, day by day,
Their lives priced lower than the dirt they clean.

Children haul stones under the sun's harsh glare,
Bound by debts older than the lives they bear,
Girls, offered to gods, are stolen from dreams,
Their laughter drowned in temples' silent screams,
While justice sleeps behind a locked, blind door.

Yet sparks ignite in hidden hearts' deep night,
Hands rise, voices clash with oppressive might,
A slow tide turns against the caste's cruel reign,
Though shadows linger, hope fights through the pain,
And I, still watching, pray their dawn may break.



Poem 9: Shadow of the Broken People

I watch a child sip from a tin cup alone,
while others drink silver, his thirst turned to stone.
They say his shadow can stain the light,
they chain his dignity, deny his right,
and I burn inside—yet stand unknown.

I see wells guarded, temples shut tight,
the law on paper but absent in sight.
A cobbler's hands, forced back to shoes,
refusal punished with boycott and bruise,
and I feel my soul revolt at the blight.

But here's the twist—I will not bow,
their hate can't own tomorrow's vow.
The broken are rising, piece by piece,
their pain transformed into fierce release,
and I—I am witness, I am voice, I am now.

Poem 10: Broken People, Unbroken Voices

I watch Martin Macwan raise his hand,
a torch against silence across this land.
NGOs march with leaflets and cries,
Ambedkar's dream in their tired eyes,
yet the State shrugs, built on shifting sand.

The UN drafts words in Geneva's hall,
"discrimination by work and descent" they call.
South Africa readies a stage for the fight,
while India insists, "caste is not race"—despite
the broken backs that prove it all.

I ache as truth is twisted, denied,
Dalit wounds masked, justice belied.
But each protest drum, each global plea,
is a mirror held to hypocrisy—
the twist: the "broken people" refuse to die.

Poem 11: Beneath the Shadows of Birth

I see her rise where shadows mark her name,
Born in chains society dares not proclaim,
Her hands weave labor from a land of scorn,
Her voice, a whisper the world dares not adorn,
Each dawn repeats the burden of her shame.

Temples crown her with the guise of holy lies,
Yet devadasi rites strip the stars from her skies,
Caste and gender carve scars into her skin,
Economic chains bind her dreams within,
Justice stands distant, blind to her cries.

But through the grime, a flicker refuses to die,
Her spirit rises, unbound beneath the sky,
In eyes that burn, resilience finds its song,
The weight of ages cannot hold her for long,
And one day, the world will reckon with her cry.

Poem 12: I Carry the Untold

Affirmative ink opened a door just wide,
yet I still walk with stigma by my side.
In fields of hunger, bonded hands remain,
debts like shackles passed down as chain,
violence blooms where resistance grows.

Eighty percent of us till with dust,
landless, voiceless, bound to unjust.
Dalit women bear the doubled scar,
their cries dismissed, justice too far,
rapes erased by a court's closed eyes.

But from slums and quarries, sparks ignite,
sweepers unite, students claim light.
A middle class rises from broken ground,
across tongue and faith our voices sound,
the twist—our silence becomes thunder.

Poem 13: Behind the Line of Silence

I watch them sip from cups not ours,
our hands scrub stains like unseen scars.
Water denied, a mile away,
temples close their doors and pray
that our shadows never stay.

I see graves dug by weary hands,
unpaid lives bound by cruel commands.
Their bodies used, their voices chained,
their dignity bartered, their honor stained,
a silence sold where sorrow reigns.

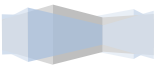
And yet—I stand, my voice a flame,
refusing the weight of a branded name.
If walls are high, our cries are higher,
we are not ash—we are the fire,
the twist of truth they cannot tame.

Poem 14: Lines I Cannot Cross

I walk a road split by chalk and shame,
a line they draw, yet call it my name.
Wells whisper "no," temples shut tight,
cups are counted to deny my right,
even land I till is claimed by their game.

I see children bent to the back of class,
their laughter muted, their futures passed.
Women scarred by a triple chain,
their cries dismissed as routine pain,
while law lies silent, blind as glass.

Yet—I rise, though their walls still stand,
I write my wounds as a rebel's brand.
Their chains may choke, their gates may bind,
but the fire they fear is already mined:
the twist—my scars are maps to reclaimed land.



Poem 15: I Carry Their Chains in My Eyes

I watch the law limp, its promise betrayed,
books stay blank though pleas are made.
Truth is delayed in endless halls,
the gavel sleeps while justice stalls,
and bias poisons every shade.

I see hands bound by debts not their own,
children chained where seeds are sown.
Scavengers bent in filth and stench,
voices silenced at power's bench,
dreams buried under a master's stone.

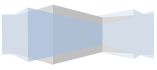
I watch girls stolen before they bloom,
their childhood sold, their bodies groomed.
Yet here's the twist that cuts my chest:
though power mocks, I will not rest—
my pen will testify in the courtroom of gloom.

Poem 16: I Carry Their Cries

I watch the streets where silence screams,
Dalit blood stains broken dreams.
Children weep with nameless scars,
elders beaten beneath the stars,
justice sleeps while hatred schemes.

From poisoned cups to burning skin,
from cages of caste to prisons within.
Girls denied the shield of law,
men reduced to the whip and claw,
I choke on the weight of this sin.

Yet here I stand, my voice a flame,
not just a witness calling names.
If paper lies, let echoes rise,
if courts stay blind, I'll be their eyes—
I carry their cries, I bear their shame.

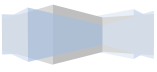


Poem 17: I Saw the Wounds, I Bear the Fire

I saw a boy pinned down in shame,
forced to drink a bottle of pain.
His cries were filmed, the crowd stood still,
a broken sound system, a sharper will—
I carry the echoes, I carry the blame.

I saw a man with scissors thrust,
his haircut paid with blood and dust.
A bride poisoned for love she chose,
an elder struck where the rain still flows,
I choke on the stench of a nation's rust.

Yet in my chest a hammer beats,
stronger than slurs, stronger than streets.
If their bodies fall, their voices rise,
etched on my tongue, carved in the skies—
I bear their fire; it burns, it repeats.



Poem 18: I Witness the Walls They Build

I watched a boy beaten for a picture he wore,
a headgear, a gaze—yet they demanded more.
Twenty men waiting with fists and fire,
the night was a mob, their hatred entire,
and I trembled, counting the wounds of lore.

I saw a village where drums fell mute,
sick hands silenced, traditions refute.
Denied the forests, the water, the bread,
threats in the air, curses widespread—
I carried their exile like an unending flute.

I stood where a temple was torn apart,
earthmovers crushing its stone-cast heart.
A hand severed, a life undone,
yet voices rose though the night was numb—
I whisper their grief, yet it sings as art.

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Poem 19: I Watch the Walls They Write

On hostel walls, hate was scrawled in stone,
letters like knives, cutting marrow and bone.
Crowds cried justice, yet silence stayed near,
cameras promised to "guard" the fear—
I stood there, trembling, knowing truth's not shown.

A woman bent low to draw water's grace,
was struck, was shamed, denied her place.
Her hands still carried the well's cool song,
yet the law delayed, dragging along—
I saw her dignity erased without trace.

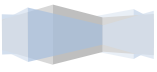
A wedding horse became a battlefield flame,
songs turned wounds, joy twisted to shame.
The groom was beaten for rising tall,
tradition betrayed at its very hall—
and I wonder: who writes our freedom's name?

Poem 20: Steps That Lead Nowhere

I watch her womb heavy, her hands still thin,
two hundred and fifty steps carved into skin.
Hunger waits where the caste lines start,
a locked hilltop, a broken cart—
I feel the shame claw into my heart.

I watch a mother beg for milk, denied,
her children's thirst met with scornful pride.
They call her unclean, disease in her breath,
while jobs of dirt drag her near to death—
I taste the silence where justice has lied.

I watch history repeat its cruel disguise,
from flu to plague, the poor still die.
The law says equal, the streets say no,
the chain is ancient, yet newly sown—
I break inside, but my voice must rise.

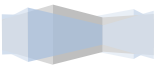


Poem 21: Laws on Paper, Wounds in Flesh

I read the law—Article 17, a shield,
Article 14, where justice should yield.
Article 15 whispers, "no caste divide,"
yet I watch Dalits beaten, denied, defied,
their dignity sold in the open field.

I ache at quotas carved in Parliament's stone,
seats and jobs promised, but pain still grown.
The 1989 Act forbids parades of shame,
yet villages burn and no one's to blame—
I stand in the smoke, tasting the groan.

The 1993 Act swore to end scavenger chains,
but I still see hands in filth and drains.
Laws look noble on fragile pages,
yet bleed away in power's cages.
The twist: paper protects, but silence reigns.

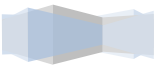


Poem 22: Bound by Law, Broken in Life

I read the Universal Declaration,
"all humans equal"—a bold foundation.
Article 3—life, liberty, security sung,
but I see Dalit bodies beaten, young.
The promise cracks in its own narration.

The ICCPR swears to guard each right,
no torture, no chains, no vanishing night.
Yet Dalits are jailed, denied their say,
while committees write, India walks away—
I choke on justice withheld from sight.

CERD, CRC, Convention 107, they call,
"no child in chains, no descent-made wall."
Yet I watch the devadasi girl still sold,
the scavenger's hands still caked in mold.
The twist: the world writes laws, India breaks them all.

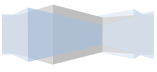


Poem 23: Façade of Freedom

I watch democracy dressed in disguise,
its tricolor veil concealing lies.
A Dalit child killed for sipping a sip,
a man for wages, a boy for a dip—
blood stains the ballot where justice dies.

The Constitution swears "all men are free,"
yet caste claws deep into destiny.
Oaths of liberty ring hollow and thin,
for the crime of living, Dalits pay in skin,
their dreams declared a felony.

Still, I hear Phule, Periyar, Ambedkar call,
"Annihilate caste, or democracy will fall."
The twist: true freedom waits, chained yet near—
if Dalit voices rule, not just hear,
India's soul may yet stand tall.

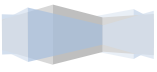


Poem 24: Paper Promises, Burning Streets

I watch the scroll of promises unfold,
freedom painted in letters of gold.
But in the alleys, the cries still rise,
justice delayed is truth in disguise,
rights remain traded, bartered, sold.

They speak of courts that never appear,
cells of law that vanish in fear.
Compensation counted in broken grain,
tears recorded but not the pain,
hope is silenced, yet I hear.

I stand with scars that will not fade,
their rules a weapon, thinly made.
Here is the twist I cannot deny—
though law is crippled, I still defy,
my voice the verdict they evade.

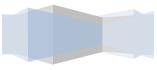


Poem 25: Promises in Ash and Blood

I hear the scroll of pledges read,
justice promised where the innocent bled.
Yet villages burn, the guilty are spared,
voices silenced though truth was declared,
I stand in the smoke where oaths lie dead.

Courts were named but never appear,
laws proclaimed yet twisted by fear.
Women stripped of dignity's shield,
the law's bright sword lies unconcealed,
I watch them suffer year after year.

But here is the twist I cannot deny:
though reports are written, they too can lie.
Still I speak, though scorched by shame,
my voice a verdict, fierce with flame—
paper promises burn, yet I defy.



Poem 26: Breaking the Chain

Each day, the numbers bleed in ink,
forty-five thousand cries—they sink.
Ten women torn before the sun,
impunity shields the guilty one,
politics arm the hand that strikes.

Chains rattle louder in digital air,
slurs as weapons, abuse laid bare.
Young voices silenced, forced to flee,
a screen becomes a guillotine,
hate hides behind unmasked names.

Yet we rise, recording every scar,
naming the demons for who they are.
From silence, evidence takes flame,
from fear, we forge a fiercer claim—
the twist: justice becomes our weapon.

Poem 27: Ashes Beneath the Silence

I watch with agony as songs are drowned,
peaceful marches met with chains unbound.
Hands raised in protest become crimes to the state,
their prisons brim with the voices they hate,
justice drags its feet while sorrow makes no sound.

I see villages punished for one small plea,
water denied, fields barred, no grain for the free.
Hunger sharpens into a weapon of war,
the law looks away while the wounds still soar,
boycotts bleed lives in quiet cruelty.

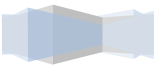
I walk through ashes where children once played,
mothers silenced, their daughters betrayed.
But beneath the smoke, a fierce truth glows:
from every grave, a new seed grows—
tomorrow's fire is born from what they slayed.

Poem 28: When Justice Stands Guard with the Killer

I saw doors pried open by trusted hands,
police lanterns lighting the killers' plans.
Homes turned to ash, lives erased in night,
the law looked on, refusing to fight—
I wept as justice betrayed its own lands.

I watched women dragged through dust and pain,
their cries mocked, their pleas in vain.
Pregnancy crushed by a merciless chain,
honour dissolved in the streets like rain,
while power feasted on their shame.

I walked through cities where statues bled,
where bullets answered the words they said.
But here's the twist that burns through fear:
each fallen voice still echoes clear—
I see tomorrow rising from the dead.

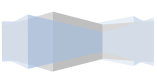


Poem 29: I Watch the Ballot Burn

I watch the ballot turn into a blade,
where fists not voices decide who stayed.
Threats echo louder than any song,
the powerless punished for choosing wrong—
and silence blooms where freedom decayed.

I see women dragged, their dignity torn,
pots defiled, grain soaked in scorn.
Hands of the state urinate on their bread,
even the hearthstone shivers with dread,
while justice sleeps as terror is sworn.

I stand by roads where leaders fall,
heads severed to silence the call.
Yet here's the twist that cuts through night:
though bodies perish, I still write—
my pen remembers what power would maul.

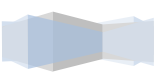


Poem 30: The Promises That Rot in Silence

I watch the banners boast of care,
words of justice fill the air.
But in the streets, the cries remain,
empty pledges breed more pain,
a nation's mask hides deep despair.

I see the poor divide the poor,
while power guards the upper door.
The law that swears to shield the weak
turns away, too blind to speak,
impunity ruling evermore.

I hear the world demand reform,
but silence still becomes the norm.
Here's the twist that breaks my breath:
though justice sleeps, I fight till death—
my pen will turn into a storm.



Poem 31: Scars on the Census

I count the numbers like wounds on a map,
crores of voices silenced, yet they clap
their chains in fields where land is a dream,
while children stitch carpets, their cries a stream,
I watch and ache—how long can this last?

In classrooms, the chalk writes caste on skin,
while wages whisper who cannot win;
a mother bleeds at birth in a hut of clay,
electric wires skip her village, turn away,
I see the future dim, yet burning within.

The stats speak louder than sermons or law,
each crime a cut, each fact a raw flaw;
they're pushed from wells, from wages, from light,
yet still they rise, still they fight—
and I, in my agony, hope sparks from this scar.

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Poem 32: Hunger Wears a Human Face

I watch mills shut like coffins of steel,
factories fall silent, dreams they steal.
Jobs vanish, gates locked, futures erased,
promises of work turned bitter waste,
I ache as hope is auctioned for a deal.

In fields, machines hum where hands once toiled,
soil turned profit, people spoiled.
Wages wither, laws lie still,
hunger gnaws where grain could fill,
I witness stomachs shrink, yet barns are oiled.

Schools priced high, health for sale,
children faint, mothers pale.
The poor denied by policies grand,
I see death walk hand in hand—
the twist: their cries become a rising gale.

Poem 33: Masks We Never Receive

I watch them bend with buckets and brooms,
their hands the shields in virus-filled rooms.
Eight hours of scrubbing, no armor, no aid,
yet their worth is measured in the wages unpaid—
I ache as their courage is drowned by fumes.

I watch thirst denied at stranger's gate,
a sip of water refused by hate.
They call them lesser, though they save our breath,
trading their safety for another's death—
I feel each silence sharpen into fate.

I watch trains return the weary and worn,
to villages where stigma is reborn.
Checked, confined, yet never embraced,
their touch condemned, their names erased—
I break to see a nation crowned by scorn.

Poem 34: Shadows in the Light

I watch them walk, unseen, between the cracks of gold,
Their hands that touch our world now tremble, frail and cold.
A lamp flickers, balconies ablaze, yet still they wait,
Denied the doors, the IDs, the aid decreed by state.
I feel their agony, their hunger, their silent ache.

They toil in streets that glitter, yet the shine ignores,
Sanitation souls uncounted, barred from promised doors.
Ninety minutes walked each way, their feet raw with pain,
While others cheer in light, their hope cast down in rain.
I taste their bitterness, their struggle, their restrained cries.

In dumps, in shadows, lives constrained by caste and greed,
Bank cards lie untouched, their needs lost to bureaucratic seed.
A pulse of lamps, a nation shining, yet they starve unseen,
The world applauds from heights while the poor scrape in between.
I watch, and in my chest, a fury grows—this cannot be our dream.

Poem 35: Hands That Hold the Shadows

I see them bend beneath the weight of others' waste,

Hands in filth, yet dignity denied, erased.

Cities glow above with light, celebration, cheer,

While their labor whispers stories no one wants to hear.

I walk among them, heart tight, filled with silent grief.

Shovels scrape and drains groan under scorching sun,

Generations chained, their lives undone.

Wages scattered like dust, land a distant dream,

Promises float like smoke, thin as a stream.

I hear the laughter above, yet no warmth reaches them.

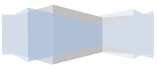
Laws and pledges paper-thin, mercy left to wait,

Millions toil in shadows, their plight a cruel fate.

And I tremble as I witness the nation's pride parade,

While invisible hands sweep streets the light forbade.

I realize—the world counts progress, not the souls it betrayed.



Poem 36: Wheels of Silence

I watch him steer through streets both bright and gray,
A rickshaw hums beneath the weight of disdain each day.
Hands gripping the wheel, heart braced for every stare,
A life constrained by whispers, by glances of unfair.
I feel his every burden, the injustice in the air.

The ancient scripts carved him from the cosmic feet,
A life outside the ranks, where caste and fate meet.
Laws inked on paper promise shelter and defense,
Yet violence blooms, unchecked, leaving scars immense.
I walk beside him in spirit, bound by silent grief.

The world counts progress, lights shine on festival nights,
While broken souls endure, hidden from the heights.
He moves, he labors, he dreams of a rightful place,
And I tremble at the irony etched on every face.
I see freedom in the distance, yet chained by the same old race.

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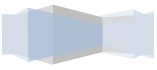
Poem 37: Hands in the Shadows

I watch them descend into darkness, bare and unafraid,
Hands in filth, where no sunlight dares to invade.
Sewers hum their secrets, a city thriving above,
While lives below are trapped, denied the warmth of love.
I feel their silent agony seep into my chest.

Ancient names and slurs cling like chains on skin,
Generations cursed, yet still they fight to begin.
Municipal promises crumble like dust in their grip,
Daily wages fleeting, no safety net for the slip.
I hear the city cheer, blind to the pain within.

They sweep, they clean, yet remain unseen,
Bhangis called, yet human souls serene.
Progress glimmers above in towers bright and tall,
While I witness the shadows, the invisible wall.
And I tremble—the city counts pipes, not those who crawl.



Poem 38: Beneath the City's Veins

I watch them sink into darkness, lungs burning in the grime,

Hands bare, hearts heavy, counting the cost of time.

Sewer gases whisper death, a toxic lullaby,

While city towers gleam, blind to the silent cry.

I feel each shiver, each cough, each unseen crime.

They sweep, they scrape, yet society averts its gaze,

Rotten scraps and bitter meals mark their weary days.

Contracts exploit, wages vanish like morning mist,

Illness gnaws, and promises fade into the abyss.

I tremble as their lives vanish in invisible haze.

Judges speak, courts decree, yet shadowed work persists,

Night descends, contractors send men where justice missed.

Children inherit labor, tradition chained to pain,

I see dignity stifled beneath the city's vein.

And I shudder—the law saves names, not those who bleed in vain.

Poem 39: Silenced Halls

I walk through corridors lined with unseen pain,
Whispers of quota, caste, and scorn echo again,
Bright minds dimmed by hands that judge, not teach,
Dreams clipped quietly, beyond my desperate reach,
Faces fade, their struggles lost in paper's stain.

Names change in headlines, yet the anguish stays,
A tally of silences, of souls led astray,
Scholarships and ranks become invisible chains,
Lectures in foreign tongues deepen unseen strains,
Hope buried beneath systemic disdain.

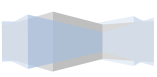
Still, I watch sparks of courage flicker through the gloom,
Hands rise, pens write, resisting impending doom,
But even as voices rise, some vanish from sight,
Democracy trembles where silence conquers right,
And I, helpless, hold their ghosts in my room.

Poem 40: Excluded Shadows

I see the law's promise falter at the gate,
Faces once protected now bear heavier weight,
Conversions erase their claim to dignity's share,
Yet centuries of scorn cling stubbornly there,
Invisible chains linger where justice should wait.

Articles and Orders carved in cold stone,
Declare equality yet leave them alone,
Sikhs and Buddhists granted what they deserve,
While Christians and Muslims still quietly swerve,
Caught between faith and a caste that won't atone.

Still, I watch hope tremble in hesitant eyes,
Courts and commissions debate, ponder, revise,
Yet the shadows of exclusion stretch long and deep,
A society's conscience buried, promises asleep,
And I, witnessing, wonder if fairness will ever rise.



Poem 41: Ashes of Division

I watch the landless plough with empty hands,
Dalit sweat staining unyielding sands.
Chains of caste and class entwine,
a double whip, a cruel design,
while leaders trade their pain for narrow stands.

I see the ballot split by caste's appeal,
false prophets peddling wounds to steal.
Land, wages, bread—they fade from sight,
as slogans drown the worker's right,
and broken backs bear the landlord's seal.

Yet in my grief I glimpse a spark,
a bond that bridges the bitter dark.
The twist: when caste and class unite as one,
the fortress of centuries comes undone,
and justice rises where despair left its mark.

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Poem 42: Where Land Turns Into Light

I watched red flags rise where chains once lay,
temple doors opened, night turned day.
Fields were freed, the feudal fled,
landless hands held grain instead,
I saw caste walls crack, if not decay.

In villages where silence had reigned,
songs returned, the soil regained.
Dalit, adivasi, shoulder to shoulder,
their voices grew steady, braver, bolder,
justice seeded, though scars remained.

Schools and hostels, new lamps burned,
scholarships given, dignity earned.
Where crimes once carved their daily scar,
I counted fewer—yet not too far,
the twist: hope breathes, but still must yearn.

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Poem 43: Chains and Flames

I walk through streets where silence screams,
caste walls cut deeper than broken dreams,
a citadel of centuries still unshaken,
where democracy's promise feels forsaken,
and I whisper—must justice wait in chains?

I see demands rise like fists in flame,
land to the landless, not sold in shame,
education free from the price of birth,
work with dignity, wages of worth,
yet the rulers rewrite hope into pain.

I stand with scars of a nation's face,
where untouchability hides in every place,
but I believe in a storm that cracks the stone,
intercaste love, new seeds sown,
and I cry—the future is ours to claim.

Poem 44: A Dream of an Equal Playing Field

I watched a wedding song cut by fists of spite,
drums that should dance were silenced that night.
The horse trembled, a mother screamed,
justice blurred like a half-lit dream,
and I stood aching at the cruel sight.

I hear Pallical's hope in the dawn she paints,
children unshackled, no caste restraints.
I imagine a field where all can run,
equal beneath the same bright sun,
and I ache for a world without saints.

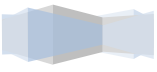
I dream of women, honoured not scarred,
their voices fierce, their truths unmarred.
If I say "Dalit," respect, not fear—
no erasure, but power clear.
The twist: our dream is the weapon we guard.

Poem 45: Lessons in Locked Doors

I saw a child, six summers small,
forced to scrub the filth of a school hall.
His cries caged in a classroom's night,
tiny hands trembling, denied the right—
I wondered how learning can wound at all.

I saw a man dragged through police lies,
questions of caste sharpened into cries.
Sticks struck skin, dignity torn,
his silence bought with bruises worn—
I shivered as justice looked away with sly eyes.

From chalk to chains, from desk to cell,
the stories spill what words can't tell.
Where freedom should rise, fear takes its seat,
and the Constitution bows in defeat—
yet I dream its promise will one day rebel.



Poem 46: I Watch, I Burn, I Speak

I saw a rider pulled from his road,
his dignity dragged to a station's cold.
Hands of law turned fists of hate,
each blow a verdict, each curse a weight—
I stood outside, yet the bruises corrode.

I saw a mother shield her son,
inside stone walls where justice should run.
Her cries cracked ceilings, her child's blood fell,
and silence spread its iron shell—
I wished my voice could unmake what was done.

I ask, does the Constitution breathe or sleep?
Are its promises ours, or secrets to keep?
From Khajuraho's dust to Katni's floor,
I count the wounds, but they grow more—
yet in their pain, I vow my watch will not weep.

Poem 47: Echoes of the Downtrodden

I walk among streets where whispers cling to walls,
Names long erased, yet their shadows still call,
Hands that shaped leather, soil, and stories untold,
Voices silenced by histories cruel and cold,
Centuries of scorn echo in these narrow halls.

They rose with pen and print, defying the night,
Claiming dignity, justice, and a rightful sight,
Yet the world still turns blind to the truths they bear,
Their struggles replayed in classrooms unaware,
In archives and texts, their courage waits for light.

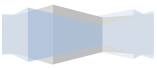
And I, watching, feel hope tremble, frail but keen,
For every erased story, a spark remains unseen,
Yet even as scholars speak, some fade from the page,
The oppressed persist, defying the cage,
And I, powerless, cradle their unbroken dream.

Poem 48 : Chains Without Ladders

I watch the walls of caste rise without a stair,
A house of many rooms where none may share,
Each birth a sentence, sealed without choice,
Even the gifted are muted of voice,
While untouchable shadows linger in despair.

I see the dragon of pride, many-headed, awake,
Feeding on silence, on divisions it makes,
It whispers of karma to sanctify pain,
It crowns some with power, leaves others in chains,
And calls this cruelty a sacred stake.

I stand in the crowd where hope is denied,
Dalits, broken, still naming their pride,
They turn "crushed" into courage, "split" into song,
Their voices rise where silence was long,
And I wonder—perhaps the broken are the ones who defy.

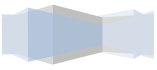


Poem 49: Dalit Beyond Faith

I watch them pray beneath stained glass skies,
Yet chains of birth cling where their hope lies,
In temples, mosques, and churches alike,
Hands folded in faith, hearts bound in strike,
Conversion cannot sever what caste implies.

Segregated seats, whispered jibes, silent scorn,
Even in God's house, inequality is born,
Privilege cloaked in robes of holy creed,
Equality promised, yet denied in deed,
The innocent bear burdens not theirs to adorn.

Across lands, seas, and distant shores,
Dalits endure where oppression soars,
From Japan to Africa, echoes of disdain,
A fractured world repeats the same chain,
And I shudder—faith cannot free the oppressed scores.



Poem 50: Silenced in Shadows

I watch her walk through streets of whispered fear,
Where walls of caste echo each jeering sneer,
Her body, a battlefield of stolen rights,
Nightfall cloaks horrors unseen by city lights,
Yet lawbooks promise justice that never draws near.

Hands that should uplift are fists that enslave,
Patriarchy and caste together dig her grave,
Her voice suppressed beneath tradition's weight,
Dreams of freedom dashed at the oppressor's gate,
Every step forward a perilous wave.

But I see her eyes, fierce, refusing to bend,
A quiet rebellion no chains can suspend,
Through scars and sorrow, her spirit ignites,
The dawn trembles with the courage she invites,
And the world must reckon—oppression meets its end.

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POD CAST

VOICE FOR VOICELESS SOCIAL JUSTICE, RAJARAO PAGIDIPALLI